

# Big Ben

By HAROLD CARTER

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Big Ben lay on the hillside, well within sight of the jail from which he had escaped. But that implied no particular danger to Big Ben, for one could see thirty miles in the clear atmosphere of the hills. And the penitentiary was at least twelve miles away, and that lay across forest and mountains.

Big Ben was a lifer. He had killed a fellow man, while under drink. He had served four years, and had been made a trusty. He had not planned to escape, but the way was open and he walked out.

That had been eight days before. Big Ben had raided a hencoop, seized a dozen struggling fowls, tied them into a bundle, and taken them to his retreat. They were busy laying eggs for his breakfast—what were left of them. Big Ben had no appetite. He had also stolen a sack of flour and a dozen boxes of matches, as well as a goodly supply of chewing tobacco. Now he was at peace with the world. He meant to stay there another week, till the hue and cry died down, and then to make his way across the hills to the railroad.

They had been firing guns all the night before, but that could not be an account of his escape. Big Ben wondered whether another prisoner had escaped. He felt sorry for Travis, the warden, who had always treated him so well. Travis would get into trouble about him. If another prisoner had



Facing Him, Across the Stream, Was Maisie.

made his getaway Travis would probably lose his job, and the prison system would be made more severe. Big Ben was sorry for Travis. He was sorry for his wife and the little girl, Maisie, who had brought him flowers sometimes. Maisie was five, and had a way which went straight to the heart of the most hardened prisoner. Still, if the way lay open, a man must try to get free.

The appetite for liquor had quite left Big Ben. He meant to live a decent life henceforward, once he could strike the track and jump a freight to Halesworth. There he would lose himself, and after a while strike west again. Big Ben was a good sort of man, he saw his past life and regretted it. He meant to make the best of his chances now. And he swore that he would die rather than go back to penitentiary life.

A little stream ran purring down beside the cave in which he slept. Big Ben rose to get a drink of water. As he approached the stream, out of the shelter of the trees, he recoiled in astonishment and terror. Facing him, across the stream, was Maisie.

Maisie in a torn dress, with grubby hands and tear-stained face. Maisie, recognizing him with a glad smile, a cry of delight, and running through the water toward him. Maisie, snuggling into Big Ben's arms and holding up her face for a kiss.

Big Ben looked at her. "Where's your daddy?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Maisie. "I got lost."

"Lost? When?"

"Last night. I was picking flowers, and I looked up and the trees were all round me. And I couldn't go home."

The child must have wandered miles during the night. So that was what the guns had been firing for!

"But you'll take me home, won't you, Big Ben?" continued Maisie, looking up into his face.

Big Ben was staggered. He could not find any answer to make.

"You see, daddy will be awful glad to see me again," said the little girl. "And now I found you, I know you'll take me back to daddy."

Big Ben swallowed an oath. He still stared at the girl. "See here, kiddy, if you just walk and walk—" he began; and then he saw the startled look upon her face. And all his dreams of the future faded into blankness.

"Sure I'll take you home, kiddy," he said, and, picking up the baby in his arms, he began to carry her through the trees.

Twelve miles it was—and with every step Big Ben's heart became so much lead. He strode along, now setting down the little girl, to let her pick some flower that had taken her fancy, now carrying her again. Presently, toward mid-day, he saw the little head nod in his arms. Maisie was sleeping, worn out by the walk of the night.

Big Ben was just reaching the edge of the wood. The trees were becoming sparser. The hills dipped into a level valley. The penitentiary was only five miles away. And through the trees Big Ben could see the white and dusty highway that wound over field and mead until it passed under the grim brick walls, already looming ominously in the distance, the very incarnation of relentless fate.

Big Ben cursed himself for a fool. He looked down at the little sleeping child and laid her softly upon the grass. He took three steps backward and looked at her again.

Maisie half opened her eyes and smiled. "Big Ben!" she murmured.

Swallowing a curse, Big Ben strode to her and raised her in his arms again. After that he went doggedly toward the high road.

Presently he saw a horseman riding toward him. Big Ben swallowed hard. He hesitated; then, with firm steps, he walked straight for the horse and the rider, who, as he approached, resolved himself into the familiar form of the warden.

Big Ben was halting now in front of the warden, Travis, who held a pistol in his hand. But he did not point it at Big Ben. He let it fall back into the holster.

There were tears in Travis' eyes as he took the little, sleeping girl out of Big Ben's arms and held her across his saddle. He said not a word, but motioned to Big Ben to walk in front of his horse.

Dogged, silent, but strangely happy, Big Ben led the procession back toward the walls of the jail. Suddenly he heard an exclamation behind him.

"Big Ben!" shouted the warden.

Big Ben looked round. Travis had reined in his horse, and was looking alternately from Big Ben to Maisie's face.

"You damned fool!" said the warden.

"Big Ben!"

"Sir!"

"I'm going to ride straight to the penitentiary. You are to follow me. Do you hear, confound you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Big Ben.

Travis rode ahead at a gallop. Presently he reined in and looked round. Big Ben was following him.

"Big Ben, have you gone crazy?" demanded Travis.

"It looks like it, sir," answered Big Ben.

"Big Ben!"

"Sir!"

"The prison's head is coming here next month. He generally asks me if I wish to recommend any prisoners for the consideration of the pardons board. I—I guess I may have a name or two to put down."

"Yes, sir," answered Big Ben.

The penitentiary loomed very near. Presently they were riding under the grim walls. The gate opened before them and closed grimly behind them.

Volcanic Islands.

The first of the Bogoslof group of the Aleutian Islands was born 120 years ago. There was a great confusion in the Behring sea, about twenty-five miles north of Unalaska, and an island appeared above the surface of the stormy waters. This islet, which rose to a height of nearly 3,000 feet above sea level, was christened Bogoslof by the Russians, who then owned Alaska. It remained solitary until 1882, when another volcanic eruption in the sea was followed by the birth of another island near the first.

For two years the new island was the scene of an active eruption. Then it cooled gradually, and, like the first islet, became the home of seals and sea lions and the breeding ground for sea birds. The third of the Bogoslof group was born ten years ago. The "baby" was smaller than its elder sister, being about a third of a mile in diameter and with an altitude of some 600 feet, but the following year another eruption of nature resulted in nearly doubling its area. Since then several other islands have been born in various parts of the Aleutian chain.

Improper Use of "Don't."

There is nothing incorrect about the omission of "do" and "not" which makes "don't." If it is used correctly. But there is scarcely another word in the English language which is so often used incorrectly. It is a strange thing, but we often hear otherwise educated people using this elided form on the negative in the singular, people who would not think of using the affirmative as it singular. "She don't" and "he don't" are just as disagreeable to the cultivated ear as "she do" and "he do" would be and it is astonishing that anyone of the most elementary grammatical knowledge could be so deaf to the values of English speech as to use them. Still the mistake is annoyingly common. Recently we even heard an actor, playing the part of a gentleman of refinement, say "she don't love me." Ugh! And, if actors cannot at least speak our mother tongue grammatically, what are they good for? Remember, it is just as easy to be right and say "she does not" or "doesn't."—Ohio State Journal.

Sentiment.

A white lady was passing a small cabin in a Tennessee town when a black woman came to the door and hailed a pickaninny playing in the yard.

"You, Fertilizer!" called out the mother. "Come yere and got yore face washed."

The passer-by stopped.

"Excuse my curiosity, please," she said; "but what did you call that child?"

"I called her by her regular name," said the colored woman. "I called her Fertilizer."

"Isn't that rather a peculiar name for a child?" asked the lady.

"Not of you knows how dat chile come to git it," stated the parent. "You see, Missis, dat chile is named partly for her paw and partly for me. Her paw's name is Fertilizer and my name's Eliza."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

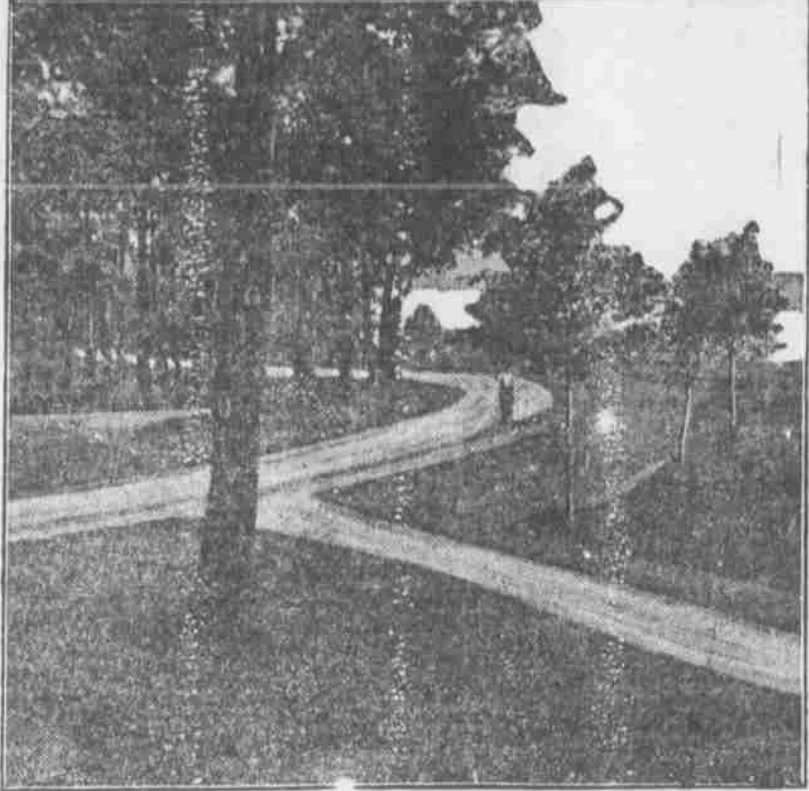
Something in That.

I wish I had a pretty name," said Betty. "I wish my name was Alice or Evangeline or something like that."

"Why, my dear," said papa, "you have the only name I ever heard that will rhyme with 'pretty,' and what more could you want?"

## The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubby Their Care and Cultivation.



Vincent Astor's Place on the Hudson.

### FALL WORK INTERESTING

By ELIZABETH VAN BENTHUYSEN

In the cheery October days—the days of brown ale and invigorating atmosphere—the garden comes fully into its own. There is not only the fascination of working among the plants and flowers, but there is preparation for the spring. If the autumn is neglected there will be no realization of any spring hopes.

Planning and foresight are essential to garden success, and the man who had the most pleasure in his October work will reap the greatest reward when the springtime comes. Perennials must be transplanted. Good, safe places are to be found for them, with a good covering of leaves to keep away the chill of cold days.

Transplanting is real work. A rainy day helps lighten the task because there is no need for watering or shading the plants. A trowel of manure under each plant will lead the neighbors next spring to wonder why your foxgloves send up spires five feet high instead of mere three feet that less carefully handled plants attain.

Don't let the perennials crowd each other. Where the clumps have grown so closely as to crowd, cut them in divisions with a sharp spade and reset them in good, rich soil.

In October the perennials will be ripening their seed, which process they begin in September. The seed can be saved in separate colors if the flower stalks were marked while they were in bloom. It is worth the while to save the seed, even though it has to be mixed. The mixed seed can be sown in out-of-the-way places. Hollyhocks, foxgloves, poppies, Canterbury bells, Sweet William and Coreopsis will produce large envelopes of seed.

It must not be forgotten that a supply of dead leaves has to be laid in when leaves begin to fall. They are the natural blankets that are provided for the tucking away of the children of the garden in the winter beds. A little addition to the leaf supply, carefully packed away each day in sacks or barrels instead of wastefully burning them will save many flowers and pay a dividend in pleasure and profit.

Among the wealthy folk of the East the fall is being used for general garden work. Vincent Astor is having a remarkable lot of work done at his country place, Rhinecliff, on the Hudson river. He found that the roads and walks were in many cases badly laid out. They were crooked and lacked symmetry in keeping with the estate. So he has had his roads straightened and put in order.

### JAPANESE TABLE TREE

There are some curious old trees in Japan that have just the opposite qualities to these which are found in the United States. Out in our great forest country, when a tree has reached the dignity of 100 years of undisturbed residence in any one community, it rears its proud old head and stands as a landmark and a leading citizen of the forest.

Japan supplies some very strange specimens that live to be 100 years of age without ever getting off an ordinary table. They are stunted, gnarled

and cleaned?

Has your greenhouse been repaired and cleaned?

Some seeds for basket plants and window garden now.

If it has not there isn't much time left for attending to this very essential task. Look over the heater and see that any bars which were burned out have been replaced. Watch the pipe connections carefully.

The use of electric lights will hasten the blooming of plants, but it is a costly scheme that does not promise any commercial profit.

Madison, N. J., florists use five 115-volt lamp strung on a board, 12 inches apart. Suspended directly over the chrysanthemums for a flower exhibit, the lights were kept going a week. The plants finished a week ahead of their neighbors and took a prize at the show.

Leave as many native trees and as much shrubbery as possible standing. The best gardener cannot improve on the work of the Master Gardener.

Grape protecting bags, made to clasp about the fruit, are being offered by dealers. They protect from insects.

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### SOMETHING ABOUT DAHLIAS

By G. T. GEOFFROY.

If you want dahlia roots for next year, plant them in small pots and let them remain all summer. Keep them over winter like old roots; and start them again in the spring. I do not say this is absolute, but it is one of the best ways I know to raise dahlia successfully.

It is the claim of dahlia growers that in dividing the roots almost all the varieties will degenerate. This is the reason we have so few good flowers.

A good dahlia should bloom from July until frost; and if it does not it is not worth keeping. There are dahlias that will.

Dahlias can be grown from seeds. They grow stronger than from cuttings and roots, but it is difficult to find good seeds.

Many believe that a cutting will not flower and make roots and keep over winter, but that is not true. That is the way they are raised all over the continent.

The mode of planting has much to do with the final results of the beauty of dahlias.

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## FOR SCHOOL WEAR

A smart little outfit for school days, is shown in the sketch presented herewith. The little suit—a three-piece affair—is made of navy and Scotch plaid serge. The bodice is sleeveless.



Girl's School Suit of Plain and Plaid Serge.

To be worn with a gump of silk or some washable fabric. The coat should be lined with a lightweight silk.

To make this garment for a girl of ten or twelve years will require four yards of serge 36 inches wide, together with three-quarters of a yard of plaid fabric for the trimming.

Smart patch pockets give an additional style touch to the little coat, which is otherwise entirely plain and of the box type.

Many separate skirts for girls of ten to fourteen years are featured for fall wear. Serge and checked woolsens, as well as corduroy, are fabrics favored

for these serviceable little skirts, to be worn with separate blouses of challis, pongee, crepe de chine, linen, etc.

The skirts have self-attached belts, and skirt and blouse are attached by means of buttons on the waistband of the blouse and buttonholes worked in an inside belt of the skirt.

A military note is evidenced in many wool fabric dresses and suits developed for girls for fall and winter wear. Flat braids are featured in the trimmings favored, and there is a pronounced vogue for colored wool embroideries in high colors.

Velvet and velveteen are to be shown in both plain and dressy models for later wear.

Taffeta in plain color and plaid effects is to be used for dressy frocks for afternoon wear, and these silks are also favored as a combination for both serge and velveteen.

A normal or long waistline is the best choice for girls of the school age, except in the little party dresses developed for them, when the empire or slightly raised waistline is occasionally favored.

The use of detachable collars of embroidered organdie is a feature of serviceable little wool fabric models developed for school wear.

Blue Raincoats.

To be sartorially correct on a rainy day now, you must wear a blue raincoat. These coats, made of rubberized silk, are in the exact shade of blue coats worn by French officers. Of blue also, are coats of poutine, a waxed material that is perfectly waterproof and has a reverse side of silk or satin in contrasting color. Poutine coats are slightly more expensive than ordinary raincoats of rubberized silk, but they are vastly smarter, for this material is in great vogue and is ultra smart just now.

A coat of blue poutine with a reverse of white satin is in mannish box-coat style with good flare below the arms. Rows of silk stitching in white and big white pearl buttons emphasize the tailored effect, and the white satin side of the material is turned back to show like a facing, in collar and cuff.

not be allowed to shrink, which it is apt to do if shoes are taken from moist feet and left in a warm place. If trees are used the shoes will keep their shape. Wet shoes should never be dried at a stove, or on a radiator, or near a heater of any description. The effect of heat so applied is to dry the oil out of the leather and cause the shoes to crack.

Another thing not to do is to let shoes stand in a damp place, or in a closet near the heat. Leather should not be allowed to become dry. It should be kept soft, quite the same as when it is in its natural condition on the animal. Natural animal oils should be rubbed over the shoes occasionally. In many cases if one would rub banana skin on the shoes it would be sufficient. This not only cleans, but keeps the leather soft. For brown shoes this is especially good, as it takes off all stains, and one using this simple cleanser is astonished at the result.

The two principal things to be remembered regarding the care of shoes are that the shoe trees should be slipped in as soon as the shoes are removed and that the leather should be kept clean and soft.

CHARMING TURBAN

In these days used matches are well worth saving, as when a sufficient quantity of them has been collected they will go a long way towards lighting a fire.

The little article shown can be easily made from a mustard tin or other tin of a suitable shape and size. The tin is covered with dark green silk, the material being turned over at the edges and underneath and fastened on with a strong adhesive. The upper edges are bound with narrow ribbon fastened on in a like manner. On the material covering the front of the tin the words "Used Matches" are worked with crimson silk.

At the back of the tin near the upper edge a small round hole is made, and in the little sketch at the top of the illustration the cross indicates its position, and by means of this hole the tin can be suspended from a brass-headed nail in the wall as shown in the larger sketch.

TAKE GOOD CARE OF SHOES

If Leather Is Kept Soft and Trees Used, Life of Footwear Will Be Much Extended.

With the cost of shoes going up it pays to give special care to one's footwear nowadays.

Some women seem to think that shoe trees are merely pretty ornaments, whereas they are really necessities. The leather in shoes should

USE CARE IN CHOOSING VEIL

Reason Why This Dress Accessory Is Given So Much Attention at This Time.

Perhaps because the hats are so bare of trimming is one reason why the veil has come into so much attention recently. The face veil of the harem description has become familiar to all who have passed even a few days at any of the fashionable resorts. It does duty not only as a hat accessory, but as a complexion preserver and protector.

One of the newest varieties is a present-shaped veil, the center part of which has a hexagon mesh, while the border is of chiffon. It is very wide and very long and is intended not as a face covering, but to be thrown over the back of the hat and to hang down the back in a manner suggestive of the widow's veil.

The wind-shield motor veil is for the sportswoman. The shield is like mica and it protects the face and does away with the necessity of wearing goggles.

To Avoid Smoke.

A simple way of avoiding the smoke and gas which always pour into the room when a fire is lit in a stove, heater or fireplace on a damp day is to put in the wood and coal as usual, but before lighting them ignite a handful of paper or shavings placed on top of the coal. This produces a current of hot air in the chimney, which draws up the smoke and gas at once.

Strengthen a Garment.

To strengthen an opening in garments that will be subjected to much strain insert a gusset.

Soutache on Hats.

There are many felt hats seen trimmed with soutache embroidery.